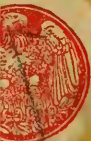


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Soldiers' and Sailors' Historical Society
OF RHODE ISLAND.

PERSONAL NARRATIVES:
Fourth Series, No. 1.

FROM MONOCACY TO DANVILLE.

ALFRED S. ROE.



PERSONAL NARRATIVES
OF EVENTS IN THE
WAR OF THE REBELLION,
BEING PAPERS READ BEFORE THE
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Gen. K.K.

FROM MONOCACY TO DANVILLE:

A TRIP WITH THE CONFEDERATES.

BY

ALFRED S. ROE,

"

[Late Private, Company A, Ninth New York Heavy Artillery Volunteers.]

PROVIDENCE:

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Ames. K. F. July 13/10

FROM MONOCACY TO DANVILLE.

CAPTURED in battle on Saturday, the ninth day of July, 1864, at Monocacy, or Frederick Junction, Md., the sun was well up his eastern way, when we, under Confederate guard and guidance, turned our backs on the burning stubble of the battle-field—dotted here and there with the naked bodies of our comrades slain, and took a road of which we knew only that it led southward. I have since learned that it was called the Georgetown pike. It was crooked and dusty; but not so much so as those which we had found in Virginia. A request to go out of the line to satisfy myself as to the identity of a dead man, lying by the fence, is refused by the philosophical guard, who tells me that I am better off without knowing. "For if he is your friend you

NOTE.—For the story of the author's capture, see "Recollections of Monocacy," paper No. 10, Third Series of these publications.

will have just so much more to trouble you, and so long as you don't know, why you may think him living. If he is not the man you are thinking of, it isn't worth your time to investigate." Such cool reasoning as that I thought worthy of the Mussulmans who burned the Alexandrine Library. At any rate my curiosity and interest were not satisfied. The ascent from the valley is gradual and as we wend our way, we repeatedly turn to look at the scene that is to be indelibly painted on memory's canvas. The river; the railroad, with its iron bridge; the turnpike bridge, now smoking in ruins; the big stone mill, near whose base I heard the last order, "Elevate your pieces, men"; Colonel Thomas's house, around which the tide of battle had surged the day before, and lastly, the wheat field, whence on that ninth of July, we had seen two harvests gathered: the one in the early morn of wheat, the staff of life, and the other at eve of men, and the reaper thereof was Death. Every feature of this scene prints itself on our memories, till finally the friendly hill shuts off the view and we can now give ourselves entirely to our immediate surroundings.

Marching in any way, under a July sun, in the Southern States, is not particularly pleasant. In our own lines, where one could to some extent pick his own way, provided he did not straggle too much, a man found walking wearisome; but under the direction of an enemy, whose march was largely a forced one, where we must keep in place and plod along, the course became especially tedious. It soon became obvious, however, that we had more friends among the people whom we met than our guards had. It was a very common thing to find tubs of newly drawn water placed by the roadside to satisfy the tormenting thirst engendered by the excessive heat. Of our approach, I suppose the people had been informed by the enemy who had started very early on his attempt to surprise Washington. The kind and sympathetic looks of many dwellers along that road, to say nothing of some pleasant words now and then heard, went far to alleviate the pain of our condition.

There were between 600 and 700 of us, many from the Third Division of the Sixth Corps, and others from the one hundred days men whom Ohio

had sent into the fray. It was their first and only experience, and many of them were in for a longer stay in rebel prisons than their whole term of enlistment called for. Speaking, once, of the little aid afforded by them at the Monocacy extremity, to a Vermont soldier who did valiant service on that day, he very graphically replied, "Hundred days men! Pshaw! They were only honey to draw the flies." I have many times since wondered whether I did just right in refusing a drink from my canteen to a tall, muscular Ohio man of the above category, who was marching unincumbered by anything save his uniform. "Where is your canteen?" said I. "I threw it away so that I could run," he very candidly answered. Moved by everything save admiration I assured him that he might run for his water. I know there was little of the Sir Philip Sidney in this reply of mine; but unlike the case of the great Briton and the dying soldier, I did not think his need greater than mine. Our first halt was at a pleasant little village, called Urbana, where a kind citizen, perhaps Columbus Winsor by name, of strong Union sympathies, sets out several barrels

of sweet crackers for our comfort, and bids us help ourselves. Many intervening years have not wholly effaced the regret that was mine over my inability to get what I deemed my share of those toothsome morsels, nor my admiration for the man who thus remembered those in bonds as bound with them.

It was while halting here that a rebel major, mounted upon a mule, propounded to me the question, as to why the Yankees always called the Southern soldiers "Johnnies." I assured him of my inability to ascribe it to any other reason than the well-known fact that johnny-cake was supposed to be the great source of life in the South. This appeared to him a not unlikely cause, and thereupon entering into general conversation, I found him an exceedingly agreeable gentleman. I soon learned, moreover, that personally, there could be very little animosity between the rebels and the men they guarded. The difference lay in the causes that they represented.

We had gone only about four miles from our starting place, and the time must have been near noon, but the command "Forward" to a soldier, bond or

free, is seldom more welcome than the parental summons to arise in the morning is to the farmer's tired and sleepy boy. The country through which we were marching seemed a veritable paradise. Soon after passing through Hyattstown, I picked up a letter, written from Georgia to a relative—I thought a brother—in the rebel army. In this missive the writer distinctly narrated the circumstances of several cases of bushwhacking. He set forth the shooting of unsuspecting soldiers by concealed civilians, in one case an uncle, for which offence the latter was summarily hanged. He also told of situations where he could have polled one for the confederacy, but fear of Yankee vengeance, he frankly confessed, prevented. This interesting and valuable letter I retained for several days, till, fearful lest finding it in my possession, my captors might think it grounds for ill-treating me, I threw it away, first, however, tearing it up. In these days of general denials of all rebel atrocities and of sympathy with the Rebellion, such written testimony as the above would have a particular value.

Our forward movement is unfraught with special

interest until we pass through the hamlet of Clarksburg. Near the outskirts of the village an aged man is sitting at an open window, the house being very near the street. An elderly lady, apparently his wife, is leaning past him with hands extended upon the window sill. So dust begrimed are we, that I do not wonder at her long mistaking us for a part of the rebel throng which all day long has been passing her door. Suddenly light dawns upon her, and raising her hands, with an astonished tone she exclaims: "Why, they are our men!" At once I eagerly ask, "Who are our men?" "Why, Union men, of course." Utterly heedless of the laws supposed to govern prisoners, we forgot our situation and laughed and cheered. But the nearest guard, not liking such demonstrations, thrust his bayonet through the window and thus drove from sight the good old dame who seemed to us, for the nonce, another Barbara Freitchie.

Near here I picked up a copy of army tactics, prepared expressly for those desiring to be examined for commissions in colored regiments. I remember well the thought that possibly, during the period of

my retention, I might be able to stow away enough military knowledge to enable me to pass successfully the examinations on my release, but this, too, I dropped the first time we were drawn up to be searched for valuables, not knowing how my captors might look upon a would-be officer among colored men. For aught I knew, the first man to throw it away did so for reasons similar to mine. To tell the truth I had several spells of carrying books while in the army, spells, however, that became much less intense as the heat and length of marches increased. I found many boys of similar tastes and experiences.

Our first camp was south of Clarksburg, and as our haversacks, filled on the field at Monocacy, were yet distended, there was nothing unusual in our preparation of coffee and consumption of hard-tack, nor in the refreshing sleep that soon fell upon us.

All the way down our guards had jokingly told us of the gay time expected by them on their entering Washington, remarks that we took more in the spirit of banter than otherwise, hardly thinking it possible that Early would have the temerity to beard the lion in his den. When, however, on the next day,

Monday, the 11th, we turned to the left on passing through Rockville, we knew that at least a feint was to be made. This was a little before noon, about the time that the Confederates reached the head of Seventh Street, and found that the delay at Monocacy had been fatal to success here, for old soldiers from the Sixth Corps had reached the capital in time to save it. He who saw and heard the strife from another standpoint may never know the relief afforded to the people of Washington when those veterans, bearing the Greek cross, marched through their midst. Never till then, I trow, had they appreciated the magic import of the figure seen by Constantine and which he followed to victory. *In hoc signo*, they felt that they were safe. What confidence the movement of well-trying regiments begets! Taking the place of the government clerks, the hospital convalescents and the veteran reserves, these old soldiers were ready to give to the Confederate commander an assurance that he was not Early enough for them. As one rebel told me, the Union men were placed so as to completely entrap the at-

tacking force, and only luck prevented this consummation.

But to my personal observations. Between Rockville and Washington we were drawn up in line and thoroughly searched. Money was the chief object of rebel cupidity, and all that could be found was seized. In expectation of such an event, the men having money had carefully concealed it, so that the net results must have been exceedingly meagre. It was here, thus drawn up, that I first saw ex-Vice-President Breckinridge. I remember him as one of the finest looking men I ever saw. His face was so classically cut, and his eye so piercing, at any distance, that now, with an interval of nearly twenty-four years, I can see him as he sat his horse and directed his men. I remember thinking, too, that an ex-vice-president might and ought to be in better business than seeking to destroy the place where, for four years, he had been the recipient of so many honors. In addition to seeing General Early often, we saw Rodes and McCausland, who were the most conspicuous leaders in this expedition.

The day itself was one of the hottest of a very

hot summer, and many, both Federal and Confederate, were overcome by the heat. While traveling this road southeast from Rockville, we saw mortar shells sent up from the defences, and the curves described by them were most beautiful. Exploding high in air, at times, they gave us superb displays of pyrotechnics, though I must confess that our admiration was somewhat tempered with apprehension lest "some droppings might fall on" us. To be wounded or killed was not longed for at any time, but certainly we didn't fancy blows from the hands of our friends.

The afternoon was half spent, when we filed to our left into an apple orchard and were ordered to camp. We had passed Silver Spring, the home of Montgomery Blair, and from the nearness of the firing I concluded that we were pretty close to the head of Seventh Street. I recall very vividly that several times during that afternoon, the early evening and the day following, shells from our own batteries went shrieking through the tops of the trees under which we were lying. It required, however, no great acumen to understand that the Confederates

were not finding matters to their satisfaction. The noise of the encounter on the twelfth was great and the rebel yell, varied by Union shouts, seemed as vivid as ever. Our Confederate foes must have thought the Sixth Corps well-nigh ubiquitous, for they had left behind them the blue cross at Monocacy, and here they were confronted by the same emblem, though the color was white. The red was there, too, ready for the fight if necessary. Little did we think then, that President Lincoln was himself witnessing the discomfiture of the enemy and the victory of our friends and comrades.

The night of the twelfth had shut down upon us and was well advanced when we were ordered out, and this time our faces were set away from the capital. By the light of Montgomery Blair's burning mansion, we marched away for the Confederacy. We then said that the house was destroyed in retaliation for the destruction of Governor Letcher's home in Lexington, burned by Hunter; but General Early has since disclaimed any complicity in the matter. He has personally told me that he found, on facing Fort Stevens, that the purpose for which

he was sent by Lee had been subserved, *i. e.*, some troops, he knew not how many, had been drawn from Petersburg, and this very arrival, while it blocked his entrance, lessened Lee's danger. He had not, from the moment of finding Sixth Army Corps men there, entertained the possibility of getting into Washington. Opposed, as we were, to the cause of the Rebellion, yet I think we can afford a little praise for this affair, though an unrelenting foe, in his leading his men by forced marches over many hundreds of miles, through a not over friendly country in some cases, down to the very capital of the Nation. Nothing but final success was wanting to make him the Alaric of the century.

The morning light was breaking when on the thirteenth we passed, for the second time, through Rockville. It may have been five o'clock, for I know the citizens were beginning to make their appearance, and one good old lady quite touched my heart when, through her glasses, she beamed kindly on me and in the sweetest of voices said, "Good morning." How those two trite, commonplace words, so often misapplied, lightened the burdens of that long,

toilsome day! It was a good morning to me, only in the thought that I had seen one kind, sympathetic woman who, as she spoke to me, may have been thinking of a boy of her own, possibly, at that moment in distress somewhere in this troubled land. All through the hours of that weary day, at high noon and at sultry eve, still rang in my ears those pleasant tones, so that even when our march was prolonged all through the night, it was still to me, "Good morning."

We halted occasionally for rest and food, but nearly all the time we were in motion. The feet of some of the prisoners became terribly sore. Those of Charley R——, of my company, seemed like two big blisters, *i. e.*, as though the sole had quite separated from the foot. Great tears would roll down his face. He couldn't keep them back, but not a whimper did any one ever hear from his lips. At one of our halting places two of our party, one being Lieutenant B——, of Company B, of my regiment, succeeded in hiding in some shocks of wheat and made good their escape. Others tried it but were caught. During the thirteenth we found our

guards not quite so disposed to discuss the capture of Washington as they had been on Sunday and Monday. In fact, they were exceedingly waspish, and on very slight provocation shouted, "Dry up, Yank!"

Passing through Poolesville, in the grey of dawn, we came to White's Ford, on the Potomac, only a short distance above the scene of the terrible disaster of Ball's Bluff. The river here is wide and shallow, affording an easy passage so far as the depth of water is concerned. But appearances are often deceptive, for the bottom of the stream is exceedingly slippery. I profited by the misfortunes of those in front of me. Many, trusting to themselves alone, would undertake the passage, but slipping upon a smooth stone covered with weeds, down would go their heads and up would turn their heels, thus giving the soldiers involuntary baptisms. Seeing many instances of this, I joined arms with a like-minded friend and thus bracing each other we made the transit, dry as to the upper portion of our bodies. This was on the morn of the fourteenth, and soon after we went into bivouac at a point called

Big Spring, so named from the immense pool of water, the first of the large number of ever-flowing springs that we were to encounter on our march. It was nicely walled about and large enough for a hundred cattle to drink from it at the same time. Here we rested, and for the first time essayed to cook our own food, as our escort had been obliged to do all along. When I contrast the living facilities of the Union and Confederate armies, I am amazed that the latter held out as long as they did. The Northern soldier, when he went into camp, tired from his two days' march, made his coffee, ate his hard-tack, perhaps gave it a little relish from the piece of salt pork that he had in his haversack, and in twenty minutes was getting welcome rest from "tired nature's sweet restorer."

But not so his Southern foe. When his bivouac came he had no coffee to boil, unless there had recently been a flag of truce, and there was no bread, hard or soft, for him. In the wagons were numerous long-handled, three-legged skillets, having heavy iron tops. These must be obtained, and the flour dealt out to them had to be cooked, each mess

by itself. As there were not dishes enough for all to cook at once, some had to wait their turn. In fact I learned that during a halt some one was cooking constantly. As they did not carry yeast nor anything like it, and as they had but little salt, it must be seen that their bread would not have offended the most advanced hydropath, nor have troubled a Jew, even during the feast of the Pass-over. Our Monocacy rations had given out and we were supplied with raw flour, the result, I suppose, of some part of the Maryland foray. Bread-making, thus, was a new experience to us, and we didn't like it. As for myself I must state that I gave up the skillet entirely, and mixing the flour with as little water as possible, adding what salt I could spare, I strung the dough out something like maccaroni, and having wound this around a stick proceeded to warm it through, holding it over the fire, rather a hot task on a July day. I may say that I seldom burned my food thus. I couldn't wait long enough. In summing up the advantages held by our side, let us not forget to lay great stress on the superiority of our commissariat, and among the items there found put

among the very first, coffee, an article more worthy the praises of Burns than the barleycorn that he has immortalized.

We rest, with no incident worthy of note save the artillery firing by Union forces on the other side of the river at the retiring rebel cavalry, till about midnight. We are then aroused, and again go plodding along, kept well in line by our flanking guards. It is barely dawn as we pass through Leesburg, but we are too sleepy and careless to note what is really a most lovely village. It is apparent that our captors have no time to spare, for they hasten along throughout the entire day, making no more halts than seem absolutely necessary. We bear a little to the southward, and finally enter Ashby's Gap of the Blue Ridge. The region is mountainous and wild, showing very little for the many years that man has occupied it. The outlook to the eye is grand, and repeatedly the observation is heard, "What a glorious sight this would be were I not a prisoner." As a soldier, it did not take me long to learn that he marches easiest who is nearest the head of the column. Accordingly, as the days returned, Charley

R—— and I were found in place with only a file of Pennsylvanian lieutenants ahead of us, we yielding the place out of courtesy, for we were early enough for the first, but the easiest place, to our blistered feet, was hard. Again our march was protracted long into the night. So sleepy were we that we could sleep even when walking, and many a hapless wight in a walking dream and thus, perhaps, falling out of line, was by the guard speedily "hurried back to despair" and wakefulness. It was for the guards themselves a trying time, but their sleepiness never reached the point of allowing us to escape. Early and his forces had gone through the mountains at Snicker's Gap, thus keeping themselves between us and our army.

The hours of our night march wore on till about three A. M., when we stood on the banks of the Shenandoah, a name familiar to me from my earliest boyhood, when I had learned the speech of the Indian chief bearing this name, but I had never dreamed of such an introduction as I was about to have. There was neither bridge nor ferry, and to our tired bodies the water had an almost winter

chilliness as we waded in. It was deep, too, we having to hold our heads well up to keep them out of the water. Drenched and dripping, we trudged along into the small village of Millwood. Some of us were allowed to lie down by the side of a church on whose corner I read in the semi-darkness, "Methodist Episcopal Church South." I may, I hope, be pardoned for having even then, a feeling of pride that the division in 1844 of this great church, in which I had been reared, was one of the prime causes in awakening people to the enormity of slavery. However, though the church was hot enough on this mooted subject, I found the north side of the edifice extremely cool on that morning, and I was no ways loth to move when at sunrise we "fell in" and marched over to a grove a few rods away. I was too tired and sleepy to eat, and all I wanted was a chance to lie down. I remember well putting my head in the shade and stretching my body out so that the friendly rays of the sun might dry my soaked garments. How long I slept I don't know; but when I awoke, the sun, in his climbing the sky, had not only dried my clothes but he had well-nigh

baked my face, upon which he was shining with nothing to intervene. We spent Sunday, the seventeenth, here, and went through the usual routine of drying dough. Here I traded with a rebel lieutenant for food a pair of heavy woolen gloves taken by me from a vagrant knapsack on the ninth. I had kept them for just such a purpose; but I had no idea that he would use them in torrid July weather. Imagine my astonishment at seeing him wearing them in the hottest part of the next day as we were going through Winchester, and actually putting on airs on account of his gloved hands.

Monday we were off again, and I have since learned really going out of our way several miles to pass through the city of Winchester, thus contributing, I suppose, one to the eighty-seven occupations which that devoted city had during the years of the war. It was ten miles away, and we were marched this distance that we might assist our guards in exciting admiration among the denizens of the town. It was simply an illustration of a characteristic as old as man himself.

What Roman triumph was complete without its

crowd of captives? The savage Indian led his prisoners home that he might see the exultations of the squaws and thereby increase the story of his prowess; and we too had to grace, not a Roman, but a Winchester holiday. For the first time in my life I heard insulting expressions hurled at us from female lips. Revolting to me, to the scions of chivalry escorting us the words seemed sweet indeed. It was here that my rebel Adonis sported his woolen gloves. Passing through the city to the west side, we went into camp, and soon had a little compensation for the rude terms launched at us during the afternoon. The officers of our guard undertook to billet themselves on a family living near, at any rate within hearing. They were warmly received. In fact, nothing but hot water was lacking to make the reception scalding. The women, we learned, were Unionists, and they didn't propose to wait on rebels and they didn't. The interview was music to us. Within sight of our camp was the home of Judge Richard Parker, who less than five years before had presided at the trial of John Brown.

The next morning we left this city of many tribu-

lations, and going out on Braddock Street, took the famous turnpike southward. It is the same road that subsequent events were to elevate into enduring fame, as

“A good, broad highway leading down.”

To us it seemed the perfection of road-making, so level and straight that we were prone to say that we could see in the morning where we were to camp at night. Under other circumstances a prospect of a trip up the ninety-two miles leading to Staunton would have been delightful. The Valley of Virginia was famous the world over for beauty of scenery and fertility of soil. On every hand were indications of thrift. Large and expensive buildings and well-tilled fields afforded pleasing contrasts to the slatternly state of affairs in the eastern part of the State. Immense stacks of wheat attested the significance of the often heard expression, “the granary of Virginia.” As rapidly as possible the farmers were threshing the grain, farmers we were told now, but soldiers when the work was done. This was the section over which Sheridan was to sweep and to leave it so desolate that were a crow to fly over it

“he would have to carry his rations with him.” For four years the enemy had swept in and out, at such opportune moments as would permit him to put in his crops, and later to harvest them. The ways of the rough-riding “Little Phil” were not to the liking of the people, and to this day they have no good word for him. In spite, however, of the brightness of the scene, the cloud of slavery hung over it, and men who claimed to be fighting for liberty were still oppressing the bondsmen. I shall never forget my astonishment at seeing at one of our bivouacs a fine looking old gentleman without a suspicion of the black race in his appearance, hesitate at coming into our camp. He appeared to be very much afraid of the guards. I accosted him in some way, implying my thought that he was one of the old planters living near. “No,” said he, “I am a slave.” If never before I, then, was more than glad that I was one of many thousands whose mission it was to make him and others like him, free.

Of the many natural wonders and beauties of the valley we had little time or disposition to comment, though we could not help noticing the excellent

springs that this mountainous and limestone region afforded. One in particular I recall, perhaps near Mount Jackson, that poured from the side of a hill with volume sufficient to turn the overshot wheel of a grist mill located hard by. Doubtless it was simply the reappearance of a lost river, a phenomenon not uncommon in such sections. Our usual camping place was near one of these ever-flowingsprings, so that one essential to health, viz., good water, was not lacking. The villages, of which there were many, I remember thinking no addition to the beauties of the country. Watts' hymn seemed applicable here, for while every prospect pleased, man and his village works alone were vile. They were composed of tumble-down houses, not made so by the vicissitudes of war, but wearing a down-at-the-heel look which seemed natural, another of the legitimate results of slavery's curse. At Strasburg we bid good-by to the railroad grading, whose railless and bridgeless track had constantly reminded us of the devastations of war. One village, however, held a bright place in our memories, for in passing through Woodstock, we saw two girls apparently in their

teens, sitting on the steps in front of the house, and actually having small Union flags pinned upon their breasts. We were not slow in discovering this patriotic display nor in making our appreciation known. To the credit of the guards be it said that, though seemingly much chagrined at this proceeding, they did not disturb the girls in their sympathy, nor us in our sentiments. This place must have a sort of political contrariness, for it is now the home of a Virginian Republican senator, viz., H. H. Riddleberger. Nearly twenty-four years afterward, passing through this same region, I found that peace has won for the valley great victories. Those who saw these villages then would not recognize them now. Progress has taken them in hand and thrift is evident everywhere.

Our guards I have thought a little above the average Confederate soldier, and in our bivouacs it was no uncommon thing for us to hold with them very animated discussions, always amicable, except when the negro was debated. On one occasion, words had run pretty high, when the gray-jacket thought to clinch an argument by the threadbare

question: "How would you like to have your sister or mother marry a nigger?" There was no delay in bluecoat's rejoinder, "Well enough, if they wanted to, and how can I tell but what your mother did." There were a bayonet thrust, a sudden retreat, and no more argument that day. One youngish guard quite made me homesick by saying in my hearing one Sunday, "Oh, dear! If I was only at home down in Alabama; wouldn't I take a ride to-day." This and other remarks showed me how similar in tastes we were and how absurd a war between brothers was. Personally I had very little to complain of. Once, however, as we filed into a field where we were to camp I laid hold of a piece of rail to burn in subsequent cooking operations. "Drop that rail," shouted a guard. I affected not to hear or to think that I was not the "Yank" referred to and so clung to the coveted bit of timber. When, however, the second command came, coupled with a threat to shoot and the click of a cocking hammer, I dropped the stick. Just why he was so very particular at that time I don't know, for there was little hesitation on the part of friend or foe to burn the farm-

ers' fences. In fact, the rage of one Virginian planter on this expedition is vividly recalled. He came upon us and soundly berated the rebels for burning his rails, which he had only just put in place after a previous destruction by Union forces. Thus it was, as a Confederate sympathizer has since told me, "The Confederates robbed us because they thought we ought to be willing to part with everything for the good of the cause, while the Union forces took all they could get as spoils of war."

There could not be six hundred and more men thus gathered together and no peculiar characters appear among them. Of our party perhaps the most conspicuous were two men of the "Ninth," known as "Old G. and T." Both must have lied roundly as to their ages when they were enlisted, for they certainly looked to be nearly sixty years old. They stuck by each other, making common cause against us younger men, but frequently quarrelling with each other. On one occasion our purveyor had dealt out to us a quantity of beef's lights or lungs for food. Now be it known that however hungry I may have been, I never liked that kind of

meat, but these two old soldiers would eat all they could get and would even fight over the division of the share that fell to them. So loud ran the discussion that we gradually fell to listening, and were not a little pleased at hearing G. say, "T., you old d—l, you! if it wasn't for exposing you, I'd tell this whole camp how you used to steal turkeys"; and this shouted at the top of his voice. They never heard the last of it till prison rigors closed the ears of both in silent death.

Eight miles north of Staunton we made our first camp at what was called the Willow Spout, a beautiful spring gushing out constantly from the side of a hill, and I have recently learned that it is flowing now as then, and still bearing the same name. Here a starlit night shut down upon us, cold as Virginian nights always were. M. J. and I made our beds as usual, with one rubber blanket under and another over us. The sleep, that tired youth secures so easily, speedily came and sealed our eyelids. How late it was that I awoke and found the rain falling pitilessly I have no means of knowing, but the whole camp seemed aroused, and dripping men

were walking about in all sorts of disconsolate moods. Some had secured a quantity of wood and had started a great fire, giving comfort to one part of their bodies at a time. Save my face I was as dry as ever. Drawing my head in like a turtle I flattered myself that I should sleep till morning and be not a whit worse for the rain. Alas! About this time my companion began to nestle about and thereby to derange the covering. I besought him to keep still, but he exclaimed, "I am in a hollow, and a stream of water is running under me. Can't you move along?" To do this would simply put me in a similar predicament and so I declined. Misery loves company, keep still he wouldn't, and he continued to pull and haul till in sheer desperation I sprang up, taking the covers with me, and in a very short time was as wet as the rest, which means that I was as wet as I could be. I then crowded with others about the fire, imagining that in our discomfort we were not unlike the pictures that I had seen of Napoleon at the burning of Moscow, our unhappy groups about the blazing fire suggesting that cheerless scene. Why some of our

men slopped around that night till they passed the weary and saturated guard and so escaped, while one or two fellows became the butt of ridicule among their associates for, wandering outside, they tried to come into camp again, but were hailed by the vigilant guard, who let them in only after hearing their piteous plea, "we're prisoners." Was there ever before such honesty?

The morning brought sunshine and in its drying rays we forgot the misery of the night. It was here that I found the first Confederate who did not use tobacco. Just outside the line he stood and proffered the weed for whatever the prisoners had to barter, and however poor we were it seemed as though there never was a time when somebody could not find something to trade off for this narcotic consolation. I expressed my astonishment at his not using tobacco, and he admitted that there was reason for my wonder. He said he always drew his rations of the article and then made the most possible from them by trading and selling. I didn't particularly care to flatter him, but I remember thinking him the best-looking "Confed." whom I had seen.

After a while we march out and are off for our last tramp before going aboard the cars. Of Staunton we get very little notion save the name. The train, such as it is, is soon in readiness for us and we are loaded into stock cars. So, in spite of ourselves, in one respect, at least, we go counter to Longfellow's advice, for we are

“ Like dumb, driven cattle.”

However, after our two hundred miles walk, we were not fastidious as to modes of conveyance, and the most of us gave ourselves to sleep at once. During the trip we pass under the Blue Ridge by means of a tunnel nearly a mile in length. Just as our car emerges an axle breaks, and a long delay follows, improved by many in picking blackberries, whose vines, of the running variety, cover the ground about the track. Cups and pails, even, are brought into use, and our last dish of fruit for the season is had. Of course we have only a general notion of our direction, knowing that our bent is southward.

Late in the afternoon we pass a peculiar, wide-reaching building, which, from its pictures I recog-

nize as the University of Virginia, and I know that we must be in Charlottesville. Afar on a hill-top we can make out the home of Thomas Jefferson, known in history as Monticello. I think how little the great Virginian recked of the turmoils into which his country has fallen. Within sight of Jefferson's "Pet," the university, and almost under the shadow of his home, I sleep the sleep of the just, lying upon a chip pile hard by the railroad track. In the morning we resume our journey again by rail, and soon are going towards the south. This day's ride ends with our arrival at Lynchburg. The James River, wide and shallow, goes tumbling along over its rocky bottom, quite different from the deep and muddy stream with whose lower waters we are familiar. We debark and march up seemingly endless hills. We go a long way to the outskirts of the city, and finally find rest in a large tobacco warehouse, owned then, I have learned, by Mr. Charles Massie, a man who lost everything in the war. It was and is on the corner of Twelfth and Polk streets. Along the way I note the omnipresence of the tobacco trade. In some places it seems to be the chief

industry, while man and boy apparently, are doing their best to make way with as much as possible of the weed. For the first time in my life I see small boys, scarcely out of pinafores, smoking with all the composure of old stagers.

In this building we remain two nights and one day. Here I receive the only blow ever given me by a foe and in this way. In the night I arose and started for the door. "Go back," says the guard, and he follows the command by a smart rap over my head with his bayonet. I had not noticed a line of men in waiting, behind which I should have placed myself, only a small number being allowed out at a time. Hastily retreating, I muttered imprecations that were not at all pleasing to his rebel highness, and he suggested shooting unless I subsided. I think my remarks were in some way to the effect that nothing would give me greater pleasure than to encounter him in some retired spot where the chances were more nearly equal. However, my feelings, more than my head, were injured, and they eventually recovered their accustomed serenity.

On the second morning we are again loaded upon

the cars, and are once more nearing our final destination. Now a road reaches down directly south from Lynchburg, but then we had to take an almost easterly course, going through a country which in less than a year was to be in everybody's mouth as the scene of the collapse of the Rebellion, Lee's surrender and the climax of Grant's career. We may have stopped at Appomattox, but I do not remember it. We certainly halted at Farmville, but so slow is our course in our rattle-box cars, and over a road that had long been a stranger to repairs, that it is fully night before we reach Burkeville. Whether our destination was Richmond or the extreme South we had no means of knowing, but when the train, after much switching, changes its direction, we know that we are to be strangers to Belle Isle and Libby, and so resign ourselves to prospects of Salisbury and Andersonville.

But we are to be happily disappointed. With the first streakings of day, on July 29th, '64, we stop at a village which we are told is Danville, and we learn that it is the county-seat of Pittsylvania County, Virginia. Later we are marched through

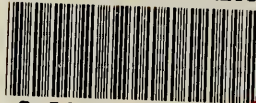
the streets of what might be even to us, were we not prisoners, a beautiful place. The flowers looked fresh and blooming as we filed along. They were the last I was to see that season, the very last that many of my friends ever saw. Feeling much as I have thought the caged animals in a caravan procession feel as they return the curious glances of idling throngs, we wended our way through the town, objects of much interest to the natives, who rushed from breakfast-getting or eating to look at the first arrival of the live "Yanks" who had come so many hundred strong, to make Danville their involuntary home. Along the principal streets we go, till we file to the right and come upon an open square or plaza having large brick warehouses on three sides. Into the first of these, called No. 1, lying between the square and the Dan River, we are led or driven. As I await my turn to enter I have time to note the river, the cook-house near, and the building itself, three stories high with an attic, into which as many men are crowded as it can possibly hold. We realize that we have escaped something in not going to the stockades, but what misery might be yet within

those walls, the future had not revealed. In single file we pass in, carefully numbered, and are forced along, filling the upper places first, till the red warehouse seems crowded to suffocation. Only the enlisted men enter here. The officers are consigned to another building. The last man passes in. The door is shut, locked and barred. Men with guns guard the places of egress even then, and, as never before, we realize that we are in *Prison*.





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